98.50 One Year.....

WOLUME 54......NO. 19,002

ONE THAT DOESN'T BUDGE.

THE ONE fixed mooring that anybody can tie up to in the swiri of politics hereabouts seems to be the steadfast consistency of John Purrey Mitchel. The minds of other Fusion middles are "open" and drifting. He is anchored.

District-Attorney Whitman accepts a Tammany designation and nebedy need expect any further exertions from him. Mr. Momy and Mr. Prendergest give no sign that they will refuse any ion that comes their way or that they believe Mr. Mitchel's salty to them in any way binds them to be loyal to him. These two nists seem already to have forgotten what they fused for. They sees obligingly ready to divide themselves and their strength among many tickets as will have them.

Only Mr. Mitchel keeps before him the end and aim upon which has asked voters to support him: An unfaltering, uncompromising against Murphy and Tammany Hall which, as he says, "must betweigh every consideration of apparent personal advantage."

Whatever the Fusion tangle has done to the cause of Fusion, it shown the city a candidate who can think in straight lines, set self a task and stick to it.

Canada seems to have made up its mind that Thaw is a good such asset to keep indefinitely on deposit.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD.

TOW THAT a domestic parcel post has proved itself a blessing of blessings the Postal Progress League is determined to do something to infuse a little sense into our foreign parcel

The fact is our rate on parcels sent from this country to Europe 80 per cent. higher than the rate charged by European nations for ding percels to the United States. Compared with that of other tries, our mail export business is a puny affair. Last year we sported by mail less than 800,000 parcels of merchandise. In a agle year Germany used the international mails to export over 14,200,000 parcels. The postal rates from Germany to South cleven-pound percels. Here we have a common rate of \$1.33 on export percels of that weight.

Secretary James L. Cowles, of the League, wants everybody to own for a moment on Labor Day and drop a twenty-word postal to Postmaster-General Burleson, at Washington, to the effect the present tax of twelve cents a pound on our produce exported post has become an intolerable, needless burden and "should be

t down to not over eight cents a pound." After all, if we are going to have a parcel post at all, why not and reasonable rates over seas for the benefit of our own exporters and at the same time put ourselves on a civilized postal footing with per nations?

THE BALEFUL STARS.

F YOU take it from the astrologists the United States is in for a lot of crooked star work this fall. Mars the Violent and nt are now tarrying in Geminii (which sign the special guardian of this country), and when they reach a cerpoint no end of trouble is due.

In the first week of October, according to Frank Theodore Allen, the Astrological Research Society, who explains it all in The Sun-World Magazine for to-morrow, certain "malefic influences" will after President Wilson and put him to the severest possible tests. later on he will have to handle "a most baffling mess of turbulent perplexing problems" and "be assailed in a most fiercely vicious per because he will not yield to the clamor of an inflamed public." retary of War Garrison and Secretary of the Navy Daniels are wen for some rattling "vibrations," internal labor troubles will harass me to believe that I have all the odds on my side you can persuade me to go inter your scheme. Charles F. They were permitted to see the house with Uranus until spring. Theodore Roosevelt will make rise to startling heights or meet with sudden and tragic sccingles of his organization. His advantage of his organization. His advantage of personal advantage of personal advantage of personal to the coy Mr. Whitman is the smoothest piece of political work in the future is full of creeps and thrills for those that read to see the house with uranus until spring. Theodore Roosevelt will have some succession only the family are there; to saunter through the piecures and little corner. Has triumphed over literary consorship in London, was known at advantage of his town, and the disruption of the coy Mr. Whitman is the smoothest piece of political work in the future is full of creeps and thrills for those that read.

The future is full of creeps and thrills for those that read to be been considered to see the house. Had an unusual privilege this year. Had an unusual pr

The Day's Good Stories

Her Angel Child. many deathing, and few, we see to the other base and dirts and leave to be story and death words. He was to play with the sales two to the of few few his quantum sales might at the language they used. One day, my one bury, he dispared over hose the my one bury, he dispared over hose the and played for half up how with a dark played for half up how with a dark played, he that her how with a

は他の経済

Had Fixed Things.

Safe in the Lion's Den | The New York Events Works | By Robert Minor



The Week's Wash By Martin Green

inated practically by acciamation.

"Wire-tappers, touts, sure-thing men,
mining promoters and others engaged
in substracting suckers from their
money are aware of the psychological advantage of setting forth that their propositions can't lose. If you can get me to believe that I have all the odds the man who sticks around at the game

Mays in the year and has an organisation behind him is equipped with a marked him with amarked deck when he sits in with amarked the head polisher, sation behind him is equipped with a marked deck when he sits in with amarked the head polisher, prizes at tennis—a gold medal and a watch chain.

Mary E. Waller, author of "The Wood almost entirely worn out from the laughter he has been pouring into it. And as for William Jay Gaynor, all he has been pouring into it. And as for William Jay Gaynor, all he has been pouring into it. And as for William Jay Gaynor, all he head polisher, when this play was written Mr. Cannan was critic of the London Star. His novel deals with the family as the so-cial unit.

Gerald Stanley Lee, author of "Well." remarked the laundry man, hospital on the island of Nantucket, of "Growds," a plea for individuality and the assurance of a salary of \$1,000 a to go into the ruins of the sis now an all-the-year-round resident.

head polisher. "What do you affairs of New York City. Take a peek every day at the occupation fate has said the laundry man. "Here we have think of Charles S. Whitman at all of them. Mr. Prendergast is in wished onto him, and is lucky if he can the leading taxicab companies setting accepting the nom
Europe. When Mr. Mitchel and Mr. get down to Coney Island for a Sunday up the claim that the more perfect their ination for District
McAneny want to make up their minds afternoon and pay \$1 for the privilege organisation the more widespread their Attorney from on great public questions they go to of putting on a bathing suit and ming-facilities for serving the public, the Mires to St. James, L. I.; Judge McCall.

"It only goes to show," declared listens to the mid sea waves moan on the laundry man, the beach down at Southampton when-

the laundry man,
"that any man ever he has to deliberate on a crisis,
can be landed if post-fitted it in the court of the

The Folks That Write Our Books

Party at Quillcote, Kate Douglas Thomas, author of the still famous Wiggin's summer home at Hollis. "Fagan," is an industrious farmer on

of the Fusion movement goes to shew chair by the desk where she has writ-that when it comes to playing politics, ten so many of her charming stories.

usion structure and help himself. resident. and occupied a Congregational pulpit ment for four years to come is some "Pretty soft, this thing of being of When he is not writing a new book himself for several years. tonic, my boy, some tonic, indeed."

management solemnly instated that the better the service the higher the cost should be. Suddenly there stepped into control one Theodore Vall, a man of ideas, and he blew the old mothesten contention higher than the Woolwort! Tower. Recently the New York Tele phone Company has not only ed phone Company has not only compiled with laws reducing rates, but has reduced some on its own account. And the Western Union Telegraph Company, long the most hide-bound of corporations, has found that it pays to keep its organization busy all the time by making reductions on certain classes of messages. It took the pressure of

A Gilt-Edged Tonic.



What Would You Give to Be Twenty Again?

What Would You Give to Be Twenty Again?

What would you give to be twenty again?

You, sir, of the comfortable waistline and the tiny bare spot showing at the crown of your head—would you give up your clears, or your ptps, or your wine cellar, or your glass of beer, or your club, or your little cottage is the suburbs with the big lawn around it?

Tou, madam, with the tiny "worry wrinkles" showing at the corners of your eres and the patch of gray over each ear—would you give up that nice, common-place husband, or that cosy home with all its burdens and trials, or that long-legged boy and girl chasing one abother madly around the geranium beds? Would you give up coffee, or tea, or meat, or sweets, or your afternoon map, or any, of your selld, middle-age comforts?

Would you really CARE to go back ten or fifteen years—back to those rantown, thrilling, uprearious days when the blood flows madly, and the very air goes to the head and makes one disay, and all the world is a mystical, magical peop-show? When the body and soul are so highly strung that the tiniest pleasure transperts one to cestatic heights and the tiniest grief or disappointment

peep-show? When the body and soul are so highly strung that the tiniest pleasure transperts one to ecetatic heights and the tiniest grief or disappointment sends one plunging down to the depths of misery?

Suppose that a good fairy should step out of the mist to-night and offer year eternal youth. Would you take it? Would you go over it all again—those days of doubt, and struggle, and folly, and mistakes? Would you go back to those sleepless nights when you tossed on your pillow, wondering agonisingly if you had made Tom angry, or if Billy would ever call again, or if Reginald really loved you, or if ANTBODT would ask you to dance at the ball?

Would you go over those hot, soggy evenings when you sat up until nearly midnight in tight corests, and choking collars, and excrudating slippers, trying to look gay and fascinating for the sake of some silly youth who bored you to death? Would you care to live over those moments of exquisite torture when you made a feel of yours got into awful scrapes, or quarrelled with "the entry man in the world?"

"And You, Oh Man of Forty!"

And you, oh man of forty, what would you give to go back to those do when all the world was your oyster—and likely to prove a bad cyster, at the Would you really care to go back to the days of hope and fear, and struggle society, when you were "breaking into" life—breaking into work, breaking a society, breaking your own heart, and other people's hearts; those days wyou took a little thing like "love" so seriously, and when a girl could make; unhappy to the point of contemplating suicide; those days when you fluctual between the hope of being President of the United States or Ambassader England, and the fear of starving to death over night? I believe you shad at the very thought of such a thing.

England, and the fear of starving to death over night? I believe you man at the very thought of such a thing.

Of course, if you could pick out all the bright, giorious days of youth live them over it would be delightful. But, alsa, when one sits down to I on the past, somehow, the only things that stand out plainly and wivelity one's blunders, one's idiotic youthful mistakes—the dinner party at which turned over the soup in our nervousness; that perfectly awful thing we go our anxiety to be brilliant; the time we tripped over the door mat before the person in the world we wanted to impress; the night we let the wrong man us or proposed to the wrong girl.

us, or proposed to the wrong girl.

And, if we had a chance to go over it all would we not make the same this entitakes or worse? This time, perhaps, that red-headed chorus girl, or the elderly widow with the five children might succeed in landing you. You might NOT come out so well from that scrape you got into at college. Tou might had in jail, or in Australia, or across the parental knee. Would you take a chance at it again? Hardin!

Youth is sweet and exhibitrating, but it is too uncertain, and get nerve wrecking. And to have it over again one must accept the along with the wine, and the heartaches along with the Rissen.

What an idlot Faust Was!

Paust gave up his immortal soul to be twenty again; and he has clways rease to me a sample of supreme folly and idiocy. Yet the world is full of would-be Fausts to-day; of men and women who fancy they would like the devil's effer without a moment's hesitation. All these "youthifying" processes all this mad pursuit of the fillusion of youth are so foolish and futile and thresome. Why can't middle-aged people just BE middle-aged, and be satisfied?

Surely there is satisfying joy in the quiet peace of middle-age, when the problems and struggles of life are settled one way or another, and one can turn to real work and real happiness with a calm, clear mind. One thing is cartaly

to real work and real happiness with a calm, clear mind. One thing is certain: NOBODY can be middle-aged who has not HAD his youth; and surely, in twenty-five or thirty years, one must have had enough of excitement, and disappe nent, and fear, and worry, and struggle, and hope, and triumph, and

The flerce, bright sun of youth is brilliant, glaring and dazzling; but the mild after-glow of middle-age must be pleasant, and peaceful and soothing-as grateful as a shade tree and a cool drink, after a hard canter across the plains.

As for me, when I am forty, I am sure I shall settle down gladly to "middleage" hats, and "middle-age" dresses, and "middle-age" books and hopes and ambitions and contentment, and be happier than ever before in my life. And when I see the laughing girls go tripping by in all the insolence and restless of youth, I shall smile blissfully and say: "Well, thank goodness, THAT'S OVI

When Talk Is but Brass And Silence Is Golden

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Oppright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

eld philosopher Apollonius says: centre of ATTRACTION to the other Talkativeness produces many guests. And she was instinctively disasters; but in silence there is labelled "delightful." But after continued companionship the after continued companionship the after continued companionship the after continued companionship.



She had been ed-

various lines, and seemed a HAPPY addition to the gathering.

She delighted her hearers with her beautiful voice. And therein was not her ONLY talent. For she had profited had met with many worth-while people

WAR EXTRA

BIG BATTLE

NEXT!!!
We'll show
youse alleys!!

anfety."

Apropos, I hap displayed a habit.

But after continuous displayed a habit.

Apropos, I happened to spend a few days with some friends who were having a house-party. In the assemblage was a young woman of young woman of some attainments.

displayed a habit.

It is a common habit, yet nevertheless one that is SHUNNED by right-thing one that is SHUNNED by right-thing one that is SHUNNED by right-thing one of GOSSIP and of confinually condemning others who were not present.

It seemed to be her one delight. This young woman tried to smooth her scandal over in a pitying tone; which, how-

dal over in a pitying tone; which, howucated by well- ever, was not lost on those about her. meaning parents is poor, dear, Mary Smith; I feel very developed consid- sorry for her."

erable talent along Then would follow a long tale reflocting upon the "poor dear."
When she talked of other things one would always think of her UNKIND-NESS toward folk; and her words diff not carry the weight that might other-

wise have come to them. One evening she related a tale that, overstepppd the bounds of mere gossip.

in that it almost tore to shreds the character of a woman friend, and the spirit of REVENGE seemed uppermost. n its mission. Then the young woman lost, indeed.

Then the young woman lost, indeed.
For now she was labelled "dangerous."
which was quite a fail from "dalightful."
So it happened when she was about the others were very careful of what they said, for fear of it being misinterpreted into scandal by this young, woman with the bad habit.

fince they argued: "If she gossipe about others, who are not here, what will she say about us when WE are not there?"

And so it continued until, though she was one of the party, she was prac-tically "out of it."

I could not but reflect what a pity it was. Here was a young woman with manifold talents, whose usefulness and pleasure-giving propensities would have forever made her a WELCOME visitor but for the deplorable defect that she everlastingly displayed.

In the present-day social scheme we may forgive many shortcomings in the face of other worth-while attributes; but the sianderer is not easily forgives.

There is a broad, prevalent spirit that
brooks of fairness. Therefore, sociepers,
like cavesdroppers, never hear any good







